

## New-York Daily Tribune

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1862.

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

## THE WAR.

—We have the important news of the capture of Goldsboro, North Carolina, and the burning of the great railroad bridge there by the forces under Gen. Foster. Gen. F. says: "We fought four engagements; at South-West Creek, Kinston, White Hall, and Goldsboro, and whipped the enemy handily each time."

—Gen. Burnside writes to Gen. Halleck to correct his first estimate of wounded at Fredericksburg. He says that the whole number of wounded is between 6,000 and 7,000. About one half of these are receiving treatment in the hospitals.

—Mr. John S. Rarney has been looking at the horses in the Army of the Potomac, and makes an interesting report on the subject to Gen. Halleck. Mr. Rarney finds the general condition of that branch of service better than he expected.

—The President has written a brief letter to the Army of the Potomac, commending with the sufferer and conveying to all the thanks of the nation.

—We print this morning the report of the Congressional Committee to inquire into the responsibility of the recent battle at Fredericksburg.

## GENERAL NEWS.

—In Senate yesterday the Financial Report of the Secretary of the Interior was received; also the report of Reverdy Johnson's doings at New-Orleans. Bills were introduced to amend the Judiciary system of the United States, and to amend Pacific Railroad act. The Committee on the Banks Expedition were empowered to inquire into the hiring of transports generally. Notice was given of a bill to authorize the President to raise 200 regiments of negro soldiers. The Bankrupt bill was discussed. An amendment to strike out banks and railroads was lost. An amendment was adopted exempting municipal corporations, libraries, religious and eleemosynary institutions were also exempted. After Executive Session, the Senate adjourned to the 5th of January.

In the House Mr. Pendleton made some objection because the Pro-Slavery protest offered by him was not entered at length in the journal. He got no satisfaction. The House passed the Senate bill to improve the organization of the cavalry forces by providing that each regiment may have two Assistant Surgeons, and that the number of privates in each company be increased from seventy to seventy-eight. The Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation bill was reported. Mr. Cullfax reported against giving the franking privilege to assessors. A bill was reported and adopted authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a postal money-order system. It proposes to charge five cents on \$10; on more than \$10, or less than \$20, ten cents; on all additional sums of \$10 or less dollars, five cents. Duplicates to be issued, when orders are lost. A Committee to look after the loyalty of Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census, was voted. The House, in Committee, took up the bill to annul the treaties with certain Sioux and Dakota Indians, and indemnify the sufferers by their enemies. The bill proposes the appointment of a Commission, whose duty it shall be to ascertain and hear the complaints of the parties aggrieved. It protects the rights and interests of those Indians who sought to save the whites from massacre, and proposes to transfer the funds from these treaties and moneys to the sufferers. The bill appropriates \$1,500,000 or to much thereof as may be necessary. No action was had on the bill, there not being a quorum present. Adjourned to Jan. 5.

—The Controller's estimates for 1863 are now complete. The proposed aggregates are as follows:

COUNTY AND STATE.	
State Taxes, &c.	\$4,605,995 45
Legislative, County.	380,750 00
Executive, County.	2,082,941 63
Judiciary, County.	206,165 99
Total.	\$7,275,753 07
CITY EXPENSES.	
City Government.	\$3,191,151 00
Income on City Debt.	925,771 33
Redemption of Debt, &c.	1,071,157 36
City Total.	\$5,188,079 69
County Total.	\$12,334,864 64

Only about two hundred dollars for each voter, taking the average number of these who think local officers worth voting for.

—The force of opening bids for cleaning streets in Brooklyn was played yesterday. The streets of that city have not for ten years been so clean, save where the delicacies are such that the rain—which descends alike upon taxpayers and contractors—has swept off the dirt. A look at the list is proof conclusive that some of the contractors never failed to move a broom or shovel, unless to dig their way into the City Treasury. New-York with her notorious Hackley contract is better off than Brooklyn.

—In the Board of Supervisors yesterday two votes were received from the Mayor, one disapproving the payment of the bills of the Harlem Bridge Commissioners, and the other in regard to the resolutions empowering the Committee on New County Court-House to proceed at once with the work. The Police Commissioners wanted \$50,000 more to complete the new building for headquarters. Including the land, it has already cost nearly \$55,000.

—Charles S. Benton has been nominated by the Democrats of the 15th Wisconsin District to fill the vacancy in the next Congress caused by the death of the Hon. Luther Hatchett.

—Mr. Adams, our Minister to Great Britain, has negotiated a commercial treaty between the United States and Liberia with the Minister of the latter country at London.

—The Councilmen yesterday concurred to give \$10,000 to the 69th Regiment. The Mayor sent back with a veto the resolution to purchase the Fort Gansevoort property.

—The movement in the Stock Market, yesterday, was not very active, and the changes were unimportant. The feeling in Government was a little stronger, with moderate amounts of transactions. The Bond market was strong, and the demand for some of the low descriptions was very active. The Stock market was irregular, but the general tendency was upward. At the Second Board, the market generally was weak, with a moderate activity. At the Third Board, the business was flat, and prices scarcely steady. The market for foreign bills is dull. Freight bills are heavy. There is no marked change in money, which is current on call at 2 1/2 per cent.

Hon. James Alfred Pearce, just deceased, entered Congress as a Whig representative of the Eastern Shore District in 1835, and was first chosen to the Senate in 1843. He was always a thorough gentleman—amiable, courteous, and dignified—and probably never lost a friend nor made an enemy. In the dislocations of modern politics, he was finally rechristened a Democrat, which he was, about as much as Fisher Ames or Tim Pickens. Though a born slaveholder, and a natural con-

servative, we don't believe he ever was or could be a traitor at heart, as he certainly was not in act. Mr. Pearce was under thirty years of age when he entered Congress, and, though but fifty-six when he died, was nearly if not quite the Member who had been longest in service. Peace to his memory!

## THE CABINET.

We do not affirm that the Cabinet should be entirely recast, nor that A, B, or C should retire from it; but we only express nearly every one's conviction when we say that it might and should be improved and made stronger than it is. It includes some of the ablest and best men in the nation, with other some who are not to be thus characterized; and the condition of the country is such that President Lincoln ought to have the ablest and best seven men in the country for his immediate assistants and advisers. Has he those seven men now? Were you required to name the seven strongest and most capable public men in the Union for the conduct of public affairs, would you respond by giving the names of the seven now composing the Cabinet? The question answers itself, and the answer affirms the need of change.

Mr. Caleb B. Smith has retired, or is about to retire, on a Judgeship, and Mr. A. Usher—also from Indiana—is said to be selected to replace him. Now, Mr. Usher may be one of the very ablest men in the country—the fact that we have no knowledge of him does not prove the contrary—yet it does argue that the evidence of his fitness is not of very general notoriety—and, in times like these, public appreciation and confidence are positive elements of strength. If Mr. Usher is the best man to be had for the seventh seat in the Cabinet, it is unfortunate that the country has yet to learn the fact.

But the current report that his hailing from Indiana is one of the strong reasons urged in favor of his selection ought to be authoritatively contradicted. We do not know it to be true—in the absence of proof, we will trust that it is not—yet if a Webster or Clay had been found for the post, nobody would ever have dreamed that the accident of his residing in Massachusetts or Kentucky had powerfully contributed toward the choice. And we certainly have seen in some of her journals allusion to the claims of Indiana, and speculations on her consenting or not consenting to forego those claims. What language for a crisis like the present! The claims of a certain State to a seat in the Cabinet, at a time when the Republic trembles on the brink of ruin! Claims that a certain hundredth part of the area of the Nation shall furnish a seventh of its Cabinet! What jargon, what madness is this! We are among those who have hoped to see Joseph Holt called into the Cabinet; the matter has been widely though delicately canvassed; but who ever heard of the claims of Kentucky as one reason for choosing him? If he is not the right man on grounds wholly independent of this, we trust he will never be appointed. We have no personal acquaintance or intercourse with him; but we greatly mistake the man if he would consent to enter the Cabinet by virtue of any claims whatever but those based on his own fitness for the post and the public knowledge of and trust in that fitness. There can be no other valid claims.

We hear with regret that the President has sometimes resisted changes because of his own personal esteem and kindly regard for the incumbent and his unwillingness to hurt said incumbent's feelings. This will never do. It is the President's simple, paramount, incontestable duty to put the very best men in such exalted stations, without the least regard to any one's feelings. He has no right to have any feelings on the subject, nor to consider that others have any. Men of the caliber of Secretaries Chase and Seward would inevitably be glad of any good excuse for quitting the public service in a crisis like the present; yet they must remain, if needed, no matter how strong may be their wish to retire. And their feelings are just as much to be regarded in the premises as those of men of moderate capacity who, amazed at their dizzy elevation, naturally seek to maintain it so long as that may be possible.

The Government must be sustained at all hazards; the loyalty of the country must rally unflinchingly around the President; but it looks to him to reward its sacrifices and insure triumph to its exertions by resolutely discarding from civil as well as military positions of great responsibility all "augurs that won't bore."

## THE REFUGEE OF LIES.

In the early days of last week, the tidings of a sanguinary repulse of an attack by Gen. Burnside's Army on the Rebel intrenchments crossing the range of hills south of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was flashed across the country. The repulse was bad enough of itself, but the causes assigned for it were ten times more disheartening. It was vehemently asserted by *The World*, *The Herald*, &c., here, and eagerly echoed by the whole Pro-Slavery press of the loyal States, that Gen. Burnside had been temporarily ordered from Washington to advance and attack; that he was required to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and assault the fieldworks commanding that city on the south; that he remonstrated, deeming the attempt extra-hazardous, if not absolutely hopeless; but that he was persistently hounded on, and compelled to do what his own judgment condemned instead of acting as he desired and begged permission to do; and that the result of this atrocious dictation to a General Commanding in the field by "Radicals," "political Generals," and "California lawyers" sixty miles away, was the demoralization and demoralization of his army and the miscarriage of his campaign.

All this was asserted and reasserted, not as surmise, or rumor, or belief, but as matter of positive knowledge. "By Gen. Halleck's orders," shrieked *The World*, an attack was made on an impregnable position, and twenty thousand brave men sacrificed without a hope of success. "Gen. Burnside acted under strict orders,"

"his orders were peremptory," &c., &c., was reiterated as though the writer had seen and read those orders, and now had them snug in his pocket. "Again have you, Abraham Lincoln, by the hands of Henry W. Halleck and Edwin M. Stanton, sent death to thousands upon thousands of our brothers and friends," was the deliberate and positive allegation of that prostituted journal, instantly caught up and echoed, with every variety of damaging comment and exaggeration, by the entire Democratic press of the country.

Now that Gen. Burnside has swept away every shred of excuse or palliation for these traitorous fabrications, by stating explicitly that the time, the place, and the manner of his attempt to break the Rebel lines were entirely chosen by himself—that they were not those which he had led the President and the War Department to believe he would employ—that he was not hurried, but urged to take ample time, by the President and Gen. Halleck—that he was allowed to fight when and where and as he pleased, without the least dictation or intermeddling from Washington—what say the fabricators and disseminators of those monstrous calumnies? What excuse do they give, what pretext allege, for so wickedly and disastrously misleading and agitating the country? How do they expect to placate a fearfully deluded and all but ruined people? What dodge shall enable them to elude every Unionist's righteous indignation?

So far, they seem intent on nakedly brazening it out, either preserving an obstinate silence with regard to it, or meanly insinuating that Gen. Burnside's letter of exculpation is a tissue of falsehoods. *The Express* seems resolved to stick to the fabrication, as though it had not been exploded! Even so late as its Second Edition of last evening—twenty-four hours after its utter demolition by Gen. Burnside—it reiterates the treasonable calumny for the fortieth time in these words from its Washington Editor, "E. B.":

"The great disaster fell upon the gallant Infantry who did their best in attempting the impossibilities ordered from Washington. Fighting battles sixty miles off from the scene of action, with three Generals directing events at headquarters (Gen. Lincoln, Gen. Stanton, and Gen. Halleck), will no longer be tolerated by a brave, suffering and humane people. The greater success of the Army of the West over the Army of the Potomac is attributed directly to the fact that the main influences of the Washington intrigues have not prevailed there as here. Military men on the field may conduct a battle, but the Secretary of War, the President, and even his General-in-Chief, have shown no capacity in that direction."

—Can it be that the people will not brand the authors and abettors of this atrocious conspiracy to overthrow the Government and prepare for the complete triumph of the traitorous Slave Power?

## THE MOVEMENT ON FREDERICKSBURG.

The President yesterday issued the following Proclamation to the Army of the Potomac: EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1862.

To the Army of the Potomac: I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident.

The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the confidence and unanimity with which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular Government.

Conceding with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small. I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This acknowledgment by the President of the bravery of the troops engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, the assertion that the attempt to dislodge the enemy from its stronghold was not an error, and that the failure to do so was an accident rather than a want of good generalship, is no more than is due to both commander and men. He rightly estimates the courage which "in an open field maintained the contest against an entrenched foe," and gives no more than due praise to the "concomitant skill and success" with which the army "crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy." The sagacity and calm judgment for which Mr. Lincoln is distinguished draw from such facts the legitimate conclusion that the army possesses all the qualities "which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular Government." While conceding with the mourners and sympathizing with the wounded, as head of the nation he tenders its thanks to officers and men.

Perhaps we may be pardoned for dwelling on this Proclamation with a momentary self-complacency. A week ago to-day, when announcing that Gen. Burnside had regained his old position on this side the Rappahannock, without, in retreating, losing a man or a gun, we said, "while we do not ignore and cannot forget the great public loss and the widespread private sorrow which are the results of this last movement against the Rebels, we see in it much cause for public satisfaction." We held, and said it was a great gain that the Army of the Potomac, after its long inactivity, had abandoned the defensive, had put itself in an offensive attitude, and saw that the work before it was to crush the Rebellion. We held and said that decision and celerity of movement are indispensable and high qualities in a General, and that General Burnside had shown that he possessed these soldierly qualities, whereby to back up his earnestness, in crossing a river to attack an enemy in formidable intrenchments, and, failing to carry them, in falling back again to his original position, bringing away all his wounded, all his artillery, without loss, in this second and most difficult movement. The attack, it was plain to us, was a brave one; why it did not succeed, we had not the information for deciding. That the retreat was not only successful but masterly, nobody has presumed to doubt. For all these reasons we held and said that there was "in this last movement against the Rebels much cause for public satisfaction." For saying so, certain morning and evening journals of this city, some perhaps because they are only semi-Secesh but wholly malignant, opened upon us with one long simultaneous howl of detraction and misrepresentation, resorting even to their bulletin-boards to make it the more significant. They knew well enough what we

meant. They saw as plainly as we did, and were as completely alarmed as the Rebels themselves were, that a new spirit and a new purpose had "entered into the army of the Potomac." If we may be permitted a paraphrase: "It is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all."

But that is not the policy nor the "strategy" that they believe in. It is not the losing they care for—such losses as those of the Peninsula, such fruitless battles as those of Antietam—but the fighting that troubles them—fighting to put down the Rebellion. For what must be the end of a defensive war against Rebels is plain enough to all men.

And so we commend the Proclamation, with this brief comment, to the sober second-thought of a right-minded community.

## A FIRE IN THE REBEL REAR.

We have more and better news concerning Gen. Foster's movements in North Carolina. The General telegraphs on the 20th (Saturday) that his expedition was a perfect success. He fought four engagements—the first at South West Creek, a short distance east of Kinston; the second at Kinston, which we have already reported; the third at White Hill, not far from Goldsboro', and the fourth at Goldsboro'—and in each of them the enemy was badly whipped. At Goldsboro', he burned the very important railroad bridge over the Neuse River, and subsequently another one further south, at Mount Olive. He also tore up several miles of the track of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. This road, running in almost a straight line from Richmond to Wilmington, carries probably nine-tenths of the travel and freight moved between South Carolina and Georgia and Virginia. By the break at Goldsboro', the Rebels will be compelled to communicate with the South by the roundabout way of Raleigh, Salisbury, Charlotte and Columbia. Another successful blow at Weldon and the little cross road at Gaston, a few miles west, would effectually sever all railroad lines from Virginia to the South save that by way of Lynchburg and East Tennessee, a line quite too long to be of efficient service. Whether Gen. Foster remains near Goldsboro' we are not informed. It is probable, however, that he has withdrawn toward his base at Newbern. The Rebels are much disturbed by this fire in the rear. Weeks ago their newspapers were urging more efficient measures to prevent what has occurred; and if reports of deserters and contrabands coming into our lines at Fredericksburg are true, Gen. Lee has taken the alarm and is posting off with heavy forces to North Carolina. In his first Message, Jeff. Davis foresaw the possible loss of the great seaboard line (the Wilmington and Weldon road, and urged—as a military necessity—that the Confederate Government should at once build a road from Danville to Greensboro, N. C.; but we have not heard that the work has been done, or even seriously undertaken.

## THE WAR AND THE PRESS.

The only theme now to be touched upon to command universal interest is the war. What would be the feelings of a people in profound peace to hear daily of domestic slaughters of hundreds, thousands, as the case may be? We grow callous, spite of all the depths of humane sentiment which mark this epoch, above and beyond the periods when barbarous punishments and sports were the rule, not the exception. Thirty odd States; and all at war; and nearly every State as large as an old-fashioned Empire. The wars of Homer, so celebrated in statuesque verse and statuesque stone were more like a set-to between two tom-cats in a back-yard, than a mighty gathering of hosts, when we consider the numbers engaged in that decimating ten years' fight before Troy, and compare them with the million men under arms. New-York alone would stand for the numbers engaged in many such wars. Nay, to come nearer our own times, for comparison, this State of the lakes and the bay, puts forth as many men as those engaged in the Thirty Years' War. No age is classic or heroic to itself. We cannot defy our own time, any more than the vallet could make a hero of his military master. We must apply a telescope and not a microscope to things historical, before they become vast, mystic, supernal; in order to clench the imagination as with a mighty hand rising from out the grave, and magnetize it with a ghostly eye, and the spiritual gaze of another world. But could we only grasp the magnitude of immediate events as we do those of past ages, how colossal would they stride from North to South; how they would peer into the leftest regions, like Milton's hero, whose "stature reached the clouds, and on his brow, horror sat planned!"—Witness, too, the vast organizations of the daily press to see, hear, report, print, and circulate, particulars and generalities concerning the war in all its locations and amplities; a system of observation and historiography such as we make bold to declare, the wildest visions of Poesse-probabilities never conceived of before—and under which the lying on system of heroes Napoleon I. prominent among all, of other days, is impossible. Comes there a battle in the far South-West, or West, or the Central Grand Army, with what promptitude, decision, force, eloquence often, is it reported? And while yet the air is thick with the breath of the dying, and the earth has not yet soaked up the blood of the martyred, the whole picture-page of battle is given in the press; not simply with a perfect classification of details as to time, place, and technical general statement, but for the first time in history—because our Men do not "fight under the dark shade of aristocracy"—are all their names quoted in full—the corporal with the colonel, the drummer-boy with the division-general. This to us, hardened as we are with long, long drudgery over the desk's dead wood in the printing office, is sublime. The organization of the Press is so superb that we are lured in its contemplation to the works of nature in her grandest and most harmonious movements. For the hell-hell of battle is lighted at one end of the telegraph,

and the next instant blazes in *THE TRIBUNE* office; in an instant a hundred compositors with fingers light as Ariel's circles seize the electric-hurled facts, and weave them into the magic characters of Faust; and in another moment the GREAT STEAM-PRESS, like Torm bringing forth the Titans, labors in the huge delivery of terrible entities, which lend heart and hope, or despair and desolation, as they strike home with the tones of triumph or bereavement. And yet there are much-worms of criticism, and outside the Press, incapable of constructing a paragraph which shall say what they mean or mean what they say, who are forever beginning the Press on the ground of its want of accuracy, precision, decision. To such crawling things, we say that the government of this country is not at Washington and in the public offices, and the Capitol. It lies in this City of New-York, with its wealth, and its energy, and its—above all else—its Press. Here is the word of command truly spoken. It may seem not so, to the blind, but to men of vision who do not mistake shadow for substance, this is a tremendous fact. Hence all the more necessity for the Press to worship truth—especially in this era of civil strife and bloodshed.

## NEGRO VIOLENCE AND ENORMITY.

It argues, we think, a profundity of cowardice, not less than a consciousness of guilt, when a dominant race systematically slanders the victims of its oppression. Wickedness may be weakness, upon broad moral principles; but it does not by any means follow that the converse of the proposition is true, and that weakness is wickedness—a theory which, if it could be sustained, would take all the virtue out of history, and transmogrify half the heroes and heroines of romance into publicans and sinners, not for their crimes but their calamities. There is nothing which more irresistibly invites the fall of the satirist than the self-conceits of races. The polished Englishman shares it with the naked and greasy denizen of Dahomey—the brilliant Frenchman with the King of Congo, who is also "Lord of the Waters" and "Ruler of the Elements"—the grave Spaniard with the man-eater of Abyssinia, and our own people with the semi-civilized Chinese. But this exhibition of a national and natural temperament is nothing, however unreasonable and unfortunate it may be, when compared with that contemptuous hatred and lurking timidity with which brute force regards, or affects to regard its victims. To seize upon the liberties of a defenseless people—to subject it to every degrading indignity—to crush all manhood in its men and all womanhood in its women—to cheat it of all that makes life tolerable, and then when it is utterly under foot, to affect a nervous timidity when justice is demanded, lest reparation may be followed by a sanguinary revenge, is simply to confess our crime and to whine at the prospect of its consequences. Wrong is never without an excuse. Slavery in the United States has always been a system of subterfuges, political, social and religious. There never was anything more contemptible than the contradictions in which its supporters have involved themselves. In one breath we have been told that the slave is patient, gentle, affectionate, good tempered, religious, and devoted to his owner; and in the next, that if once the restraint upon him were loosened, he would become sanguinary, homicidal, a paragon of brutality. Thus Mr. Crisfield of Maryland, a few days since, in deprecation of what he was pleased to term "the horrid front of abolition," assured the House, that the enforcement of the Emancipation Proclamation would certainly be followed by an "exhibition of negro violence and enormity." The simple reply to Mr. Crisfield would be: For two centuries this unfortunate black race has been in your hands as clay in the hands of the potter—you have molded it, governed it, trained it, impressed it, fashioned it, at your own will, being amenable to hardly any of those laws which ordinarily regulate human intercourse—you have professed to supply it with the purest religious instruction—you have claimed that it revered and loved you, and in danger would defend you with its life—and now, when it suits your purposes, you turn swiftly and shortly about, and assert that if its fetters were unfastened, it would fall upon you with all its primitive ferocity, would butcher your families, would ravish your women, would burn your houses and lay waste your fields! Is this the best account which you have to give of your long labor in the vineyard of civilization? All these faithful housemen and handmaidens, these affectionate servants and willing laborers, transformed in the twinkling of an eye, into madmen not to be restrained, into offenders superior to the whole force of the civil law, into savages too strong for white civilization, into brutes against whom society would be powerless to erect sufficient barriers! If these apprehensions be well founded, what folly is it to talk of the humanizing and ameliorating influences of Slavery? Why might not this poor people to whom nothing can be taught, and who have remained in the full blaze of civilization for two centuries without losing a vice, or casting out one fierce original passion, just as well have been left with the gorillas and tigers in the jungle, pugnacious, man-eaters, and murderers? You say that you have given them Christianity—is it a Christianity which in the first moment of temptation must utterly fail to restrain them? You say that you have given them civilization—is it a civilization only of the surface,aped only to avoid the lash, and ready at any opportunity to relapse into the old ferocity? You say that you have given them habits of industry and obedience—but are these so ill-planted, that their possessor remains wholly irresponsible, and is industrious only when he is flogged and obedient only when he is pickled? A charming system is this which your pious pleas for its perpetuity develop? While men trust themselves almost alone in the midst of African tribes yet retaining many of their fiercest characteristics and most degrading superstitions—they eat and drink and sleep safely in villages which never saw a mission-

ary. Du Chailu and Burton and Anderson travel with but a slender escort, principally black, for months and months, through long tracts of savage country, surrounded by barbarous tribes—they are sick and helpless in villages which have not outgrown the lowest forms of superstition—they are utterly at the mercy of arrows and of poison—and they come safely home, with their heads full of knowledge, their portfolios full of drawings, and their hampers full of dried birds and beasts. A Maryland planter who happens to own forty or fifty negroes, half of them church-members, and a quarter of them, perhaps, his own children, is n't to think himself safe from assassination and from arson, though he has the county militia to fall back upon, and the parson of the neighborhood to keep the sable sheep in good order! Why, Mr. Croker, in the comedy, was an Achilles of valor in comparison with this white-livered patriarch!

It is a mean and low thing not to give credit where credit is due—it is meaner and lower still to refuse it, when he to whom it belongs is in too humble a position to assert his claims. The simple fact, however, remains indisputable, that during all the temptations incident to war, the slave, while manifesting every desire to escape from the tyranny of his master, has shown no disposition whatever lawlessly to avenge his manifold injuries. Except when regularly armed and mustered into the Union forces, he has been peculiarly inoffensive, and in hundreds of instances, in which the life and property of his master were at his service, he simply contented himself with absconding. Life is, at this moment, inconceivably more peaceful and obedient to the laws than those who pretend to tremble at the apprehension of his violence. The hands which are stained with blood unrighteously shed are white not black, and belong to the master and not to the slave. It was n't black men, as perhaps Mr. Crisfield may remember, who shot down the Massachusetts soldiers in the streets of Baltimore—a city which for years has been tormented and endangered by a mob, every ruthless member of which possessed a skin which by all theory should have made him a valuable ornament of society. Thus far, it is impossible to deny, the slaves have behaved admirably, and those who are of a fiercer disposition than we are might even accuse them, in their patient waiting, of pusillanimity. We ask any white man who may read these lines what he would do, after being cheated and abused and tortured from infancy to virility, an opportunity of avenging himself should present itself? But the negro, who remains quiet while all around him are contending—who hardly dares to use his legs to run away, and much less his brawny right arm to do himself simple justice—it is this meek, peaceable, affectionate and simple-hearted being who is the raw-head and bloody-bones of Mr. Crisfield's dreams. Really, we cannot think that, under any circumstances, however unpropitious, we should be very much afraid of Mr. Crisfield.

Major-General Burnside has written a second letter to Gen. Halleck to correct an error in his first in relation to the number of men wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. In the first statement, the number was put at about 9,000, whereas it appears, on the authority of the Medical Director, Dr. Letterman, that it is only between 6,000 and 7,000, about one-half of whom are receiving treatment in the hospitals. When we remember that the first reports of dead and wounded ranged from 15,000 to 20,000—the killed alone "to thousands upon thousands," according to the persistent and malignant misrepresentations of one of the morning journals of this city, which ventures to the very verge of fool-hardy rashness to destroy all confidence in the Government and all hope in the country—this steady diminution, as more accurate computations are made, is gratifying and cheering. The steady determination shown by the opponents of the Government and of the war to magnify the losses in the battle of Fredericksburg, that thereby the public mind may be depressed and discouraged, is only one of the evidences that prove that the outcry in regard to that battle was mere partisanship, with no higher or better motive than to create confusion and obstruct the purpose of the Government to suppress the Rebellion.

WALLACE'S THEATER.—"The Invisible Hand," an adaptation of Scribner's three-act comedy "Gilda," was last evening, revived at this theater with unqualified success. The piece is sufficiently familiar, from representations in former seasons, to render any description of the plot or its character unnecessary at this time. It is one of the best, and, in some respects, probably the very best, of the ingenious and dexterous compositions of its author. Few plots of so light an order have ever been put together with such elaborate complication, and, at the same time, such perfect coherence. The second act especially is a masterpiece of construction. The dialogue of the translation lacks some of the elegance of the original, and here and there, is spotted in a different way from that intended in the French version. The performance of the principal characters last evening by Miss Mary Gannon, Mr. Lester Wallace, and Mr. Charles Fisher, was so capital as to secure unusual applause from the audience. The elaborate parts were duly represented by Mr. Clark Smith, Mr. George Holland, and Miss Fanny Morant. No more successful revival has been witnessed at Wallace's this season, and the popularity of its first production at the old theater will undoubtedly be renewed. "The Invisible Hand" is announced for repetition on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

ARTIST'S FUND SOCIETY.—The annual sale of pictures, contributed by members of the Artists' Fund Society for the benefit of the Fund, took place last evening in the large gallery of the Art Union building. This occasion, which is one of unusual interest to artists generally, drew together a large assemblage of connoisseurs and artists, and among the company we observed quite a number of ladies. The sale began at eight o'clock, and the bidding was quite spirited throughout—there being considerable competition for many of the pictures. The works of such artists as Turner, Delacroix, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others, were particularly sought after. The total amount realized from the sale was \$5,457 50.

J. E. Tilton & Co. of Boston have published a very beautiful photograph of Day's exultant picture, "Morning, Noon, and Night."